

## SALMAGUNDI, No. XII.

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*Saturday, July 22d, 1820.*

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### OUR FOREFATHERS.

“Who goes along with us in this voyage? Now we want but a good wind; our brethren’s sighs must fill our sails. For what Old England wont afford, NEW ENGLAND will.”

*Wm. Cartwright.*

“All he could any way get, is bestowed on a voyage to VIRGINIA. Now a frank gale of wind go with him master Frank. Who would not sell away competent securities to purchase (with any danger) excellent uncertainties? Your true knight adventurer ever does it.”

*Ben. Jonson.*

THERE are no people perhaps, so much indebted to the adventurous spirit, and steady virtues of their immediate forefathers, as the inhabitants of the United States of America. Whatever principles of civil and religious liberty we cherish, and whatever happiness or prosperity we enjoy, may be traced to the first bands of hardy, fearless, persevering adventurers to this new world. To them it is owing that we are living in the quiet possession of those

equal rights, and that widely diffused competence, which combined together, render this country an exception to the rest of the civilized world, which is now looking hitherward for an example, or a refuge.

When we consider the ties they severed; the hardships they encountered; the difficulties they surmounted in their outset; and the noble and daring perseverance with which they at length consummated their glorious pilgrimage in search of freedom, it cannot be denied that they afford a noble and affecting example to their posterity. The legacy they bequeathed us; the price they paid for it; the tears and blood it cost them to maintain and transmit the rich inheritance, all combine to give them the strongest claim to our gratitude and veneration. That there were among them many wild, wayward, and unregulated spirits, is beyond a doubt; but even these were not without their use, since it is probably in some degree owing to the difficulty of restraining them, within the strait waistcoat of ancient precepts and institutions, that the way was prepared for a more mild, gentle, and considerate system, such as that we now live under.

Yet with all these claims upon us, there is I believe no country on earth in whose early his-

tory we do not generally take a more eager interest, than in that of our own. Their fables, and giants, and supernatural feats seem to have deprived us entirely of all relish for those simple and natural events in our early annals, which however affecting, do not transcend the bounds of a rational probability. The real and gigantic spirits that first conceived and executed the great design of rendering this new world the abode and the refuge of civil and religious liberty, fade into a sort of insignificance, before the fabled giants and the incongruous and absurd impossibilities, over which we have been accustomed from our youth to pore with delight.

Yet it is certain that in the early history of no other people, is there to be found, a record of so many well attested and romantic adventures; or such a train of great events brought about by the unobtrusive agency of a few simple causes, operating with silent, yet irresistible energy. Every where it presents to a reflecting mind circumstances of awful and affecting interest in the mass of which we discover the seeds of succeeding events, which in their development attracted, and fixed the attention of the civilized world. In short, it may with truth be said, that the youngest of nations,

has already in its short career of existence, excited more intense interest, and afforded more important lessons than all the rest of the world combined.

It is scarcely worth our while to investigate the causes of this indifference towards our forefathers; this apparent contempt for our early history. It is a satisfaction to know that they are silently, and surely diminishing in the force and extent of their operation, and that in all human probability the time is not far distant when they will cease entirely. Even I may possibly live to see the day when nothing which relates to the first settlers of America, will be an object of indifference; when the feast of the shells at Plymouth shall no longer excite the ridicule of thoughtless and silly witlings; and when the name of CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, will sound in our ears almost as respectably as that of any fabled founder of them all. I have a snuff-box made from the old tree under which WILLIAM PENN concluded that memorable treaty with the Indians, of which it has been as memorably said, "that it was the only one not sanctioned by oaths, and the only one that was never violated." The day will come, when such a relique will be handed down from father to son—when it will be mentioned in men's last wills,



or given in testimony of friendships that lasted till death, and of attachments that death itself could alone extinguish.

Indeed the more we reflect, the more attractive and interesting does the early history of our country appear. The circumstance of its having so long remained unknown to the rest of the world; of its being inhabited by a people different in many respects from all others, and ignorant alike of the existence of white men; the courage, the sagacity of Columbus, and the ingratitude of the miserable pageant to whom he had given a new world; the character and adventures of the first discoverers of Virginia and New England; the singular dangers and sufferings of the early colonists, all which have come down to us with simple unadorned minuteness, combine all the wildness of a romance, with the deep interest of a true history. To these sources of interest may be added, the wonderful contrast between the slow, gradual, and painful, and often arrested progress of the early settlers, and the unparalleled rapidity of their subsequent expansion. They sowed for a long time, in dangers, and, if they reaped at all, it was at the risk of their lives; for every step was watched, and the period of the husbandman's fruition was often the chosen hour of the Indian for surprise and murder.

But perhaps, there may be some of my readers who will endure a more minute sketch drawn from our old historians, and illustrated by a few anecdotes related by actual sufferers, or by eye witnesses.

It appears from the old plays and satirical writings of the time, that the adventurers to Virginia and New England, were the subject of many jests, and much ridicule. Frequent allusions are made by the wits, to the Puritans of New England, as well as the gay adventurers to Virginia, and from various passages in their works, it would appear that the latter was most especially at that period, the usual refuge of high mettled enterprising younger brothers, deprived of their share of the family estate by the right of primogeniture, and ready to dare dangers and hardships to acquire independence. In the lists of early adventurers, still preserved, will be found, a number of cadets of noble and honourable families, and the same remark holds good with respect to New England, and the other portions of these United States, when we find among the first settlers, persons of excellent education, as well as considerable fortune, and, most especially, ministers of the gospel, excellent scholars and famed for their endowments. I mention these facts, not in the spirit

of idle and empty boasting, but to refute a calumny, which indeed is fast sinking into merited oblivion.

Whatever were the motives which operated upon such men to leave their homes in a civilized land, to encounter the exaggerated dangers of an unknown sea, and the real perils of a desert country, such a resolution, so consummated, bespeaks a degree of energy that reminds us of antiquity. That men brought up in habits of dissipated indulgence, or educated in the calm seclusion of a college, should voluntarily seek a distant wilderness, and persevere through hardship, want, cold, hunger and savage warfare to the end, is a proof that whatever may have been their faults, they possessed the higher virtues of courage, patience, fortitude and perseverance.

They had no mines of gold or silver to tempt their stay; they saw no smiling vestiges of peace and plenty as they sailed along the iron bound coast of the north, in search of a harbour. No spicy gales wooed their senses from the dark shores clothed with melancholy pines; nor did the singing birds welcome them to the new world. The Red Indian was the first living thing they saw, and his wild war whoop, or shout of obstreperous wonder, the first sound of breathing life they heard.

It is something to the credit of poor human nature, that the first whiteman who landed within the limits of these states, was received by the first red man who saw him, with kindness. Their first intercourse was an exchange of good offices. The circumstances attending the arrival of captain Amidas and captain Barlow, who conducted the first colony to these shores, are related with such pleasing simplicity by the historian, that I shall give them in his own words.

It was on the second day of July, 1584, the two ships came in sight of our coast, and soon after landed on the isle of Wokoken. "This isle," says the historian "hath many goodlie woods and deare, conies, and fowle in incredible abundance, and the woods are not such as you find in Bohemia, Muscovia or Hernicia, barren and fruitlesse, but the highest and reddest cedars of the world, bettering them of Assores, India, or Libanus—pynes, cypres, sassafras, the lentisk that beareth mastick, and many others of excellent smell and qualitie. Till the third day we saw not any of the people; then in a little boat three of them appeared, one of them went ashore, to whom we rowed, and he attended us without any signe of feare; after he spoke much, though we understood not a word,



of his owne accord he came boldly aboard us. We gave him a shirt, a hat, wine and meate which he liked well; and after he had well viewed the barks and us, he went awaye in his owne boate, and within a quarter of a mile of us, in halfe an houre had loaden his boate with fish, with which he came again to the poynte of land, and there divided it in two parts, poynting one part to the ship, the other to the pinnace, and so departed."

The next day, they had a visit from Granganameo king of Wingina, who fell in love with a large pewter dish, for which he gave twenty deer skins, and then making a hole in it, hung it about his neck for a breast plate. From thence they proceeded to the isle of Roanoke, at the north end of which they discovered Granganameo's capital, which consisted of nine houses built of cedar, and having an entrance like a turnpike. Their reception at this place reminds us of the days of the Patriarchs.

"When we came," says the historian, "towards it, the wife of Granganameo came running out to meet us (her husband was absent) commanding her people to draw our boat ashore for beating on the billows; others she appoynted to carry us on their backs aland; others to bring our oars into the house, for fear of their



being stolen. When we came into the other roome (for there were fire in the house) she caused us to sit downe by a greate fire; after, took off our stockings and washed some of oure feet in warm water; and she herself took much pains to see all things well ordered, and to provide us victuale."

Such was the hospitable reception given them by the queen of Wingina, whose husband ruled over several tribes of Indians. It does not appear that the adventurers made any stay, or attempted a settlement. Returning to England, the discovery was so welcome "that it pleased her majestie to call this country of Wingandocoa, Virginia, by which name now you are to understand how it was planted, dissolved, revived and enlarged."

The 26th day of May, 1585, another colony under sir Richard Grenville, anchored at the island of Wokoken, and a few days afterwards, an accident happened, which laid the foundation of a spirit of revenge, on the part of the savages, which never ceased to inspire them, until they were finally exterminated, or forced beyond the Alleghany mountains. It is thus laconically related by the historian. "At Aquascagoc the Indians stole a silver cup, wherefore we burnt the town and spoyled their corne, so

returned to our fleate at Wokoken." The colony returned to England in June 1586, "leaving," says the historian, "this remembrance to posteritie,"

"To reason lend me thine attentive eares,  
Exempt thyselfe from mind distracting cares,  
Least thats here thus projected for thy good,  
By thee rejected be ere understood."

Another colony of fifty persons under "master How" met with a most melancholy fate. The historian relates that "they were suddenly set upon by three hundred men of Secotan, Aquascogoc and Dassamonpeack. First they intruded themselves among eleven of them by friendship; one they slew, the rest retiring to their houses, they set them on fire, that our men with what came next to hand, were forced to make their passage among them, where one was shot in the mouth and presentlie died, and also a salvage slain by him. On both sides more were hurt; but our men retiring to the water side got their boate, and ere they had rowed a quarter of a mile towards Hatorask, they took up some of their fellows gathering crabs and oysters. At last they landed on a little isle by Hatorask, where they remained awhile, but after departed they knew not whither." Though often sought for, they could never be found, and all subse-

quent inquiries concerning their ultimate fate proved ineffectual.

Another colony of one hundred and fifteen persons, shared a similar catastrophe, and it was not until the year 1607 that they succeeded in laying the foundation of a settlement, at James town, which after suffering every evil that faction, famine, improvidence and savage hostility could inflict, finally triumphed over all obstacles, and became the parent of a great state. Such are the rapid changes produced by time and human agency, that although little more than two centuries have gone by, already the identity of the isles of Wokoken and Roanoke is lost, and that probably forever. James Town, is only designated by a few old grave stones, in the burial ground of a ruined church. The adjacent country has become almost as solitary as when it was first discovered, and the first axe was laid to the first tree. The deer which were driven from the neighbouring forest by the encroachments of the white men, have again returned within a few years past, to the possession of those haunts from which they were first expelled. It is indeed a curious fact, that the banks of Powhatan, and Potomac, have lately in many places become abundant in deer, which it would seem, are seeking refuge from

the hunter of the west, in the deep forests of pines in the ancient dominion.

The first adventurers to New England encountered similar if not greater hardships, for their soil was not so easy of cultivation, nor their climate so genial and mild as that of Virginia. Their early annals abound in details of suffering which make the heart ache, and instances of endurance which excite our admiration of these extraordinary people. Fortunately the Indians uniformly received them, at first, with kindness; and it is a singular fact, that on more than one occasion, the colonists both in Virginia and New England, were preserved from famine, by supplies of corn procured from the savages. Their friendship endured until some accidental, perhaps inevitable broil; some theft, or some jealousy so natural, when we consider the relative situation of the parties, laid the foundation of a hostile feeling, which aggravated by fear, injury, suffering and revenge, at length became a struggle of mutual extermination.

The white man, whatever may have been his early feelings towards the Indian, was for a long time after his arrival on these shores, placed in a situation, where the law of self preservation operated in full force. He stood almost alone



in the wilds, and nothing but unceasing vigilance to detect, and unrelenting severity in punishing even the intention of hostility on the part of the savage, could preserve him from all the miseries of savage warfare. If then, we find him sometimes perhaps too willingly giving ear to the story of conspiracies that had no existence, and inflicting bitter vengeance upon intentional offences, it does not become us who dwell in safety at our peaceful firesides, under the protection of the laws, and among those by whom laws are acknowledged—who cannot enter into the feelings of a people situated like our forefathers, nor realize the necessity under which they acted—it is not for us to sit in judgment upon their acts, or plume our new-born philanthropy, by condemning them as wanton and unnecessary. “The best love,” said the king of the Kaskaskias, “the Indian can have for the whiteman now, is *fear love*.” It was impossible to make the Indian who saw his hunting grounds turned into wheat fields, his rivers dammed up so that the fish came no more, and his nation withering like a dry leaf in autumn, before the superior genius of the colonists—it was impossible to make him love the whiteman, and it was indispensable that he should fear him.



Still less can we pronounce with severity on the conduct of the Indian to the stranger that came uninvited to his shores. The savage is a being of few passions, and those of mortal and tremendous energy. His vices are gaming, drunkenness and revenge; his virtues hospitality and fortitude. The former naturally arose out of the state of society in which he lived, and the latter was equally the result of Indian manners. It was customary to torture the captive warrior, and it was the point of honour to endure it with a fortitude that robbed the victor of the consolation of hearing a single groan. Of the active quality of courage, I conceive he possessed no extraordinary portion, his glory consisting in conquering by stratagem and surprise. The Indian is a crafty being, and courage and craft are seldom allied.

. He was cruel in war, from causes, that also arose out of the state of society in which he lived. His wars were principally, if not altogether to revenge injuries that were equally felt by the whole tribe; consequently it became a quarrel of individuals on the score of individual feeling. But there were other causes for that cruelty the Indians exercised towards their prisoners. The nation had seldom any superfluities to subsist their captives, except so far as they sup-

plied the places of those killed in war; nor, had they places of security in which to confine them until they could be exchanged, even if such a refinement had been known among them. There was then no alternative but to let them loose to join again with their enemies, or to put them to death. That the cruelty of the Indians to their prisoners in a very considerable degree originated in these causes, appears sufficiently clear, from the fact stated by Belknap, that after the French in Canada began to encourage the savages to preserve the lives of the white people of New England, by purchasing the captives brought to them, their burnings and scalplings in a great measure ceased. It became their interest to be careful of the lives of their prisoners; and the natural passion of revenge, gave way to the artificial one of avarice, which had been awakened by their intercourse with the white men.

Over all North America, with, I believe scarcely any exception, there prevailed one religion, and that was the religion of the peculiar state of society, in which the savages were placed. There were no metaphysics in it, for these were beyond the sphere of reason in which the Indians moved. It was the religion of human nature, which has prevailed at some time or other in every country and clime, and originat-

ing as it did in those habits and that state of mind, which earlier or later has been the common lot of all, produced certain resemblances which have been seized upon by philosophers, to establish affinities between nations that probably never had any connexion or intercourse with one another. The following principal outlines of their belief, were given to me by a most intelligent officer late in the service of the United States, who had been many years in a frontier post, and was intimately conversant not only with the Indian languages, but with the Indian character, in its native simplicity, before it had suffered by an intercourse with civilized man. He was a man of strict honour, for he fell a victim not long since to the point of honour; he had been among more than thirty different tribes and nations of Indians, and he assured me, that there was little variation, and that not essential, in their system of religion.

They have one Supreme God, who created the whole universe, but who takes no interest in the affairs of mankind, which are entirely under the superintendence of two beings of an inferior order. One of these is the good spirit which is passive. He does not interfere to prevent good, but is never instrumental in bring-

ing it about. The other is a bad spirit, active and malignant, the cause of all those evils incident to the life of an Indian. Thus, if he missed a buffaloe or a deer, or if he did not catch fish as usual, the bad spirit had bewitched him or his gun, or his fish hook. If he was not already in possession of a charm against these accidents, he procured one as soon as possible. If he was, he concluded the evil spirit had become too powerful for it, and forthwith went to a conjuror or priest, for among savages a conjuror officiates in the capacity of a priest, and conjuration supplies the place of prayer. Here he employed the conjuror or priest, to out conjure the evil spirit, which he was persuaded could be done, provided he exerted himself with proper energy.

They believed in a future state, but not of rewards and punishments, because they said, they could not tell when their actions were agreeable to the great spirit, and therefore they were not the proper objects of rewards and punishments hereafter. They became spirits indeed, but imagined they enjoyed the same pleasures, suffered the same pains, and pursued in all respects the same modes of life they did in a state of previous existence. In short, the life



to come, was a perfect reflection of that which was past.

Like all ignorant people they believed in witchcraft. The fewer appearances and phenomena of nature that mankind can account for, the more they will be inclined to ascribe whatever is beyond their comprehension, to a supernatural agency, or influence. Hence we find there were places pointed out by them as peculiarly appropriated to the residence of imaginary beings. The historians of Connecticut mention more than one of these places, and one of them records the singular fact, that a very learned man, was once sent for from New York, for the purpose of coping with these Indian evil spirits whom he fairly silenced. The officer to whom I am indebted for a variety of curious facts connected with Indian character and manners, assured me that in the course of his residence among them, he had known three instances of Indians being executed for witchcraft. They were regularly tried before the old men of the tribe, and the evidence consisted for the most part in the facts testified by witnesses, who swore they had seen the victim sometimes in the shape of a dog, a vulture, or a wolf, at all which times he was of course employed in doing mischief. If the tes-



timony was deemed sufficient, they were burnt at the stake.

The nature of their *charms*, or as they now translate them, *medicines*, may be gathered from the following anecdote. The officer to whom I have alluded in this essay, while stationed at a frontier post on lake Peoria, had frequent intercourse with the neighbouring Indians, who were the least acquainted with the white-men, of any he had ever seen, at that time. Among those with whom he established a friendly intercourse was a chief, whose name translated into English signified *Nightstorm*, who used sometimes to accompany him in his expeditions from the fort.

On one of these occasions while encamped for the night, the chief took out his tobacco pouch to light his pipe. With this by accident he brought forth a small leather bag which he was going to put up again, when the officer asked what it was. "Hah!" said Nightstorm, "captain, one mighty great medicine. What you call that make a great noise up yonder—split trees sometime?" Thunder, "Ah, thunder come—he strike here"—pointing to his forehead—no hurt me." Ah! Nightstorm, said the officer, that is one great medicine indeed. "Hah, captain, I have got one better than he—mighty

great—bullet come here”—pointing to his breast—“no kill—this way, that way—no kill me.”

The officer desiring a sight of this *charm*, Nightstorm rummaged awhile at the bottom of his pouch, and at length carefully drew out a leather bag still smaller than the other, from which he took a little tuft of down. Well, Nightstorm, what is all this; and where did you get it? Pleased to be interrogated on the subject of this great treasure, Nightstorm placed himself in a posture for speech making, and began as follows, in his broken English.

“One day me shoot wild turkey, lay him down, and cover me up close by him. By’m bye, come sailing over—what you call that great bird, flies about and catches young deer—very little young deer “in his claws?” Eagle. “Ah—eagle—he fly over, see wild turkey—want it very much—sail about some while—then he say somebody there, and go away—by’m bye, come again, leetle nearer—want turkey very much, very hungry—but he say, somebody there, under the bushes, and away he go again—by’m bye, he come back once more, closer, closer, O! mighty hungry—set on a tree—look all round him—at last he say nobody there, down he comes bang, on the turkey, and sticks his claws

in to carry him away. Then I catch him, put split stick in the ground over his neck, take three very small feathers from under his wing, and let him go away alive." It appeared from a subsequent explanation, that the value of these charms was in proportion to the difficulty in procuring them. The priest to whom Night-storm had applied, naturally enough supposed that scarcely any thing could be more difficult to obtain, than feathers plucked from the wing of a living eagle, and consequently specified these as an infallible security against a bullet.

Such was the relative character, and situation of the whiteman and the Indian, when they first came in contact in this new world. The former, as has been before observed, were received on their arrival with kindness, and shared the willing hospitality of the latter. But among people so entirely dissimilar in habits, manners, and religion, no permanent friendship could be anticipated. Mutual injuries, mutual complaints, mutual fears and mutual jealousies, were the inevitable result of the relation in which they stood to each other, and it is now useless to inquire, if it were possible to ascertain, which was the most to blame.

Enough however remains to indicate the most general, and the most rational cause of Indian

hostility. At first the simple savages, were not only unaware of the probable extension of the whites, over the land, but also of the consequences that would result from their modes of cultivation, as well as their other improvements. But when, after a time, they began to perceive, that the clearing of the woods rendered game more scarce every year, and that the building of dams over the rivers prevented the fish from coming up, the ultimate consequences of the whiteman's visit, burst suddenly upon them; and from that time they seem to have felt that one or other must inevitably perish. From this period to their final extinction, or to the complete subjection of the few that remained, was almost one continued scene of surprises, ambuscades, and massacres.

The lonely pilgrims went into the fields with death before their eyes, and the peaceful labours of the husbandmen, were often turned into bloody scenes of savage cruelty. The Indians came by night, and let their cattle loose into the woods, and when the owners went to seek them, they lay in wait to shoot and scalp them. They dared not go out in the twilight to milk their cows; and the holy sabbath of peace and prayer, was often turned to a day of rapine, murder and mourning. The settlers on

the frontiers, lived in little hamlets surrounded by palisades, and rendered as defensible as possible against the Indian warfare; but notwithstanding, they were often obliged to remain shut up for weeks together, while parties of Indians were on the watch to surprise them the moment they ventured abroad. Sometimes the women and children were attacked in their shelter, in the absence of their protectors, and cruelly slaughtered, or carried into captivity.

The excellent historian of New Hampshire, Dr. Belknap, has collected a number of instances of these woful catastrophies, recorded in language of the most affecting simplicity. They are principally derived from the manuscripts of persons who were eye witnesses and actors, in the scenes they described, or taken down from the relations of the persons themselves. I shall select two or three for the purpose of giving the reader an opportunity of properly estimating the character of our forefathers, who after braving the perils of an almost unknown ocean, sat down in the midst of such dangers as these, and finally triumphed over them all, by the rare magic of courage and perseverance.

The first, is the case of the little settlement of New Market, situated at the lower falls of Piscasick river. "The people there at that time,"



says the writer,\* “commonly retired at night to the garrisoned houses, and returned home in the day time; but that night they neglected to retire as usual. It seems the Indian scout consisted of eighteen, who probably had been reconnoitering some time, and intended to destroy both the families of Aaron and Samuel Rawlins, at the same time. For this purpose they divided, and nine went to each house. But the party that went to Samuel Rawlins’s, beating in the window, and finding the family gone, immediately joined their companions who were engaged at Aaron’s. His wife went out of the door, perhaps sooner than they would otherwise have assaulted the house, and was immediately seized with two of her children that followed her. Her husband being alarmed, secured the door before they could enter, and with his eldest daughter, about twelve years old, stood upon the defensive, repeatedly firing whenever they attempted to enter, and at the same time calling earnestly to his neighbours for help. But the people in the several garrisoned houses near, apprehending from the noise and incessant firing, the number of the enemy to be greater than they were, and expecting every moment to be attacked themselves, did not venture to come

\* Wentworth Cheswell, Esq.

to his assistance. Having for some time bravely withstood such unequal force, he was at last killed by their random shots, through the house, which they then broke open and killed his daughter. They scalped him, and cut off his daughter's head, either through haste, or probably being enraged against her, on account of the assistance she had afforded her father in their defence, which evidently appeared from her hands being soiled with powder. His wife and two children, a son and a daughter they carried to Canada. The woman was redeemed in a few years. The son was adopted by the Indians, and lived with them all his days. He came into Pennycook with the Indians after the peace, and expressed to some people with whom he conversed, much resentment against his uncle, Samuel Rawlins, supposing he had detained from his mother some property left by his father, but manifested no desire of returning to New Market again. The daughter married with a Frenchman, and when she was near sixty years old, returned with her husband to her native place, in expectation of recovering the patrimony she conceived was left at the death of her father. But the estate having been sold by her grand-father's administrator, they were disap-

pointed, and after a year or two went back to Canada."

The following narrative is taken from a letter of the Rev. Mr. Gay, of Hinsdale, to Dr. Belknap.

"The 27th day of July, 1755, as Caleb Howe, Hilkiah Grout, and Benjamin Gaffield, who had been hoeing corn in the meadow west of the river, were returning home a little before sunset, to a place called Bridgman's fort, they were fired upon by twelve Indians, who had ambushed their path. Howe was on horseback, with two lads, his children, behind him. A ball, which broke his thigh, brought him to the ground. His horse ran a few rods, and fell likewise, and the two lads were taken. The Indians, in their savage manner, coming up to Howe, pierced his body with a spear, tore off his scalp, stuck a hatchet in his head, and left him in this forlorn condition. He was found alive the morning after, by a party of men from fort Hinsdale, and being asked by one if he knew him, he answered "yes, I know you all." These were his last words, though he did not expire, until after his friends had arrived with him at fort Hinsdale. Grout was so fortunate as to escape unhurt. But Gaffield in attempting to wade through the river, at a place

which was indeed fordable at that time, was unfortunately drowned.

“Flushed with the success they had met with here, the savages went directly to Bridgman’s fort. There was no man in it, and only three women, and some children, viz: Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Grout and Mrs. Gaffield. Their husbands, I need not mention again; and their feelings at this juncture, I will not attempt to describe. They had heard the enemies’ guns, but knew not what had happened to their friends. Extremely anxious for their safety, they stood longing to embrace them, until at length concluding, from the noise they heard without, that some of them had come, they unbarred the gate in a hurry to receive them, when lo! to their inexpressible disappointment and horror, instead of their husbands, there rushed in a number of Indians, to whom they and their tender offspring became an easy prey, and from whom they had nothing to expect but immediate death, or a long and doleful captivity.

“The latter of these by the favour of providence, turned out to be the lot of these unhappy women, and their still more unhappy, because more helpless, children. Mrs. Gaffield had but one; Mrs. Grout had three; Mrs. Howe seven. The eldest of Mrs. Howe’s was



eleven years old, and the youngest but six months. The two eldest were daughters, which she had by her first husband, Mr. William Phipps, who was also slain by the Indians, of which I doubt not you have seen an account in Mr. Doolittle's History. It was from the mouth of this woman that I lately received the foregoing account. She also gave me, I doubt not, a true, though to be sure, a very brief and imperfect history of her captivity, which I here insert for your perusal. 'The Indians,' she says, 'having plundered, and put fire to the fort, we marched, as near as I could judge, a mile and a half into the woods, where we encamped that night. When the morning came, and we had advanced as much farther, six Indians were sent back to the place of our late abode, who collected a little more plunder, and destroyed some other effects that had been left behind; but they did not return until the day was so far spent, that it was judged best to continue where we were, through the night. Early the next morning we set off for Canada, and continued our march eight days successively, until we had reached the place where the Indians had left their canoes, about fifteen miles from Crown Point. This was a long and tedious march, but, by divine assistance we were enabled to endure

it, with less trouble and difficulty than we had reason to expect. From such savage masters, in such indigent circumstances, we could not rationally hope for kinder treatment than we received. Some of us, it is true, had a harder lot than others; and among the children, I thought my little son had the hardest lot of any. He was then only four years old, and when we stopt to rest our weary limbs and he sat down on his master's pack, the savage monster would often knock him off, and sometimes too with the handle of his hatchet. Several ugly marks imprinted on his head by the cruel Indians at that tender age, are still to be seen.

“ At length we arrived at Crown Point, and took up our quarters there for the space of near a week. In the mean time some of the Indians went to Montreal, and took several of the weary captives along with them, with a view of selling them to the French. They did not succeed, however, in finding a market for any of them. They gave my youngest daughter to the governor de Vaudreuil, had a drunken frolic, and returned again to Crown Point, with the rest of their prisoners. From hence we set off for St. John's, in four or five canoes, just as the night was coming on, and were soon surrounded with darkness. A heavy storm came on.

The sound of the thunder was terrible on the waters, which every flash of lightning seemed to set all in a blaze. Yet to this we were indebted for all the light we enjoyed, and we could discern no object any longer than the flashes lasted. In this posture we sailed in our open tottering canoes, almost the whole of that dreary night. The morning had not indeed quite dawned, when we all went ashore, and having collected a heap of sand and gravel for a pillow, I laid myself down with my little infant by my side, not knowing where my other children were, or in what a miserable condition they might be. The next day, however, under the wing of that ever present, and all powerful Providence, which had preserved us, through the darkness of the preceding night, we all arrived in safety at St. Johns.

“ Our next movement was to St. Francois, the metropolis, if I may so call it, to which the Indians, who led us captive, belonged. Soon after our arrival at their wretched capital, a council consisting of the chief Sachem, and some principal warriors of the St. Francois tribe was convened; and after the ceremonies usual on such occasions were over, I was conducted and delivered to an old squaw, whom the Indians told me I must call mother. My infant still continued

to be the property of its original Indian holders. I was nevertheless permitted to keep it awhile longer, for the sake of saving them the trouble of looking after it, and of maintaining it with my milk. When the weather began to grow cold, I shuddered at the prospect of the approaching winter, and told my new mother, I did not think it would be possible for me to live through, if I must spend it with her, and fare as the Indians did. Listening to my earnest and repeated solicitations that I might be disposed of among some of the French inhabitants of Canada, she at length set off with me, and my infant, attended by some male Indians, in hopes of finding a market for me there.

“But the journey was tedious indeed, and the attempt proved unsuccessful. Our provisions were so scanty, as well as so insipid, and unsavoury; the weather was so bitter cold, and the travelling so very bad, that it often seemed as if I must have perished by the way. The lips of my poor child were sometimes so benumbed, that when I put it to my breast, it could not, till it grew warm, imbibe the nourishment necessary to its support. Somewhere in the course of this visit to Montreal, my Indian mother was so unfortunate as to catch the small-pox, of



which distemper she died, soon after our return, which was by water, to St. Francois.

“ And now came on the season when the Indians began to prepare for a winter’s hunt. I was ordered to return my poor child to those of them who still claimed it as their property. This was a severe trial. The babe clung to my bosom, with all its might; but I was obliged to pluck it thence and deliver it shrieking and screaming enough to penetrate a heart of stone, into the hands of those unfeeling wretches whose tender mercies may be called cruel. It was soon carried off by a hunting party of those Indians, to a place at the lower end of Lake Champlain, whither in about a month after it was my fortune to follow them. And here I found it, it is true; but in a condition that afforded me little satisfaction, it being greatly emaciated, and almost starved to death. I took it in my arms, put its face to mine, and it instantly bit me with such violence, that it seemed as if I must have parted with a piece of my cheek. I was permitted to lodge with it, that and the two following nights; but every morning that intervened, the Indians, I suppose on purpose to torment me, sent me away to another wigwam, at a little distance, though not so far from the one in which my distressed infant was confined, but

that I could plainly hear its incessant cries and heart rending lamentations. In this deplorable condition I was obliged to take my leave of it, on the morning of the third day after my arrival at the place. We moved down the lake several miles the same day; and the night following was remarkable on account of the great earthquake,\* which terribly shook the howling wilderness.

“ Among the islands hereabouts, we spent the winter season, often shifting our quarters, and roving about from one place to another; our family consisting of three persons only, besides myself, viz: my late Indian mother’s daughter, whom therefore I called sister, her Sanhop, and Pappoose. They once left me alone two dismal nights; and when they returned again, perceiving them smile at each other, I asked what was the matter? They replied that two of my children were no more. One of them, they said, died a natural death, and the other was knocked on the head. I did not utter many words, but my heart was sorely pained, and my mind exceedingly harrassed with strange and awful ideas. I often imagined that I plainly saw the naked bodies of my poor children hanging from the limbs of trees, as the Indians are wont to hang the raw hides of those beasts they take in hunt-

\* This happened November 18th, 1755.

ing. It was not long however, before it was so ordained, that I should be relieved in a good measure from these horrid imaginations; for as I was walking one day upon the ice, observing a smoke at some distance on the land, I thought it must proceed from some Indian hut, and it came into my mind that possibly some of my poor children might be there. My curiosity excited me to go to the place, and there I found my son Caleb, a little boy between two and three years old, whom I had lately buried, at least in sentiment; or rather imagined to have been murdered, and denied a grave. I found him in tolerable health, and circumstances, under the protection of a fond Indian mother; and moreover, had the happiness of lodging with him in my arms, one joyful night.

“Again we shifted our quarters, and when we had gone eight or ten miles upon the snow and ice, came to a place where the Indians made sugar, which they extracted from the maple trees. Here an Indian came to visit us, whom I knew, and who could speak English. He asked me why I did not go and see my son Squire. I replied that he was dead. He assured me, he was yet alive, and but two or three miles off, on the opposite side of the lake. At my request he gave me the best directions he could, to the

place of his abode, and I resolved to embrace the first opportunity of going to search it out. While I was busy in contemplating this attempt, the Indians obtained a little bread, of which they gave me a small share. I did not taste it, but saved it all for my poor boy, if I should be so lucky as to find him out. At last having obtained of my keepers' leave to be absent one day, I set off early in the morning, in a canoe, and steering as well as I could according to the directions which the friendly Indian had given me, I quickly found the place he had so accurately marked out. As I drew nigh, I saw my little son without the camp; but he looked half starved and miserably dirty. I took him in my arms, and he spoke to me these words in the Indian tongue—'mother, are you come?' I took him into the wigwam with me, and seeing a number of children in it, I distributed all the bread, which I had kept for my own child among them all, otherwise I should have given great offence. My little boy appeared very fond of his new mother, but kept as near as possible to me while I staid, and when I told him I must go and leave him, fell as though he had been knocked down with a club. But recommending him sorrowfully to the care of He who made him, and who never forsakes his creatures. When



the day was far spent, and the time would permit me to stay no longer, I departed, you may well suppose, with an aching and a heavy heart. The tidings I had received of the death of my youngest child, had a little before been confirmed to me beyond a doubt; but still I could not mourn so deeply for the dead, as for the living child.

“When the winter broke up, we removed to St. John’s, and through the ensuing summer, our principal residence was at no great distance from the fort at that place. In the mean time my Indian sister’s husband, having been out with a scouting party to some of the English settlements, had a drunken frolic at the fort on his return. His wife, who never got drunk, but had often experienced the ill effects of her husband’s intemperance, fearing what the consequences might prove if he should come home in a morose and turbulent humour, to avoid his insolence proposed that we should both retire and keep out of his reach till the storm abated. We absconded accordingly; but it happened that I returned and ventured into his presence before his wife had presumed to come nigh him. I found him in his wigwam in a surly mood; and not being able to take vengeance on his wife, because she was not at home, he laid hold of me,

and hurried me to the fort, where for a trifling consideration he sold me to a French gentleman whose name was Sarcapee. 'Tis an ill wind certainly that blows nobody good. I had been with the Indians a year, lacking fourteen days; and if not for my Indian sister, yet for me it was a lucky circumstance indeed, which thus at last, in an unexpected moment, snatched me out of their cruel hands, and placed me beyond the reach of their insolent power.

“After my Indian master had disposed of me, in the manner related above, and the moment of sober reflection had arrived, perceiving that the man who bought me had taken advantage of an unguarded hour, his resentment began to kindle, and his indignation rose so high that he threatened to kill me, should he meet me alone; or if he could not revenge himself thus, that he would set fire to the fort. I was therefore secreted in an upper chamber, and the fort carefully guarded till his wrath had time to cool. My service in the family to which I was now attached was perfect freedom, in comparison with what it had been among the barbarous Indians. My new master, and mistress, were both as kind to me as I had any reason to expect. I seldom asked a favour of them but it was readily granted, and in consequence I had

it in my power in many instances to administer aid and refreshment to the poor captives of my own nation, who were brought in to St. John's during my abode in the family of the benevolent and hospitable Sarcapee.

“While here, I received intelligence from my daughter Mary, the purport of which was, that there was a prospect of her being shortly married to a young Indian, of the tribe of St. Francois, with which she had continued ever since her captivity. These were heavy tidings, and added to my other afflictions. However, not long after, an opportunity offered of acquainting that humane and generous gentleman, the commander in chief, M. de Vaudreuil, and my illustrious benefactor, with this affair, who in compassion to my sufferings issued timely orders, and had my daughter taken away from the Indians. She was conveyed to the same nunnery where her sister was then lodged, with the express injunction that they should both be well looked after, and carefully educated, as his adopted children. Here they continued while the war between Great Britain and France lasted. At the conclusion of which war the governor went home to France, took my eldest daughter with him, and married her to a French gentleman whose name was Louis. He was at

Boston with the fleet, under count de Estaing in 1778, and one of his clerks. My other daughter still remained in the nunnery, until a considerable time after my return from captivity, when I made a journey to Canada, resolving to use my best endeavours not to return without her. I arrived just in time to prevent her being sent to France. She was to have gone in the next vessel that sailed for that country; and I found it extremely difficult to prevail upon her to quit the nunnery and go home with me. Indeed she absolutely refused, and all my persuasions and arguments were to no effect, until after I had been to the governor, and obtained a letter from him to the principal of the convent, in which he threatened if my daughter was not immediately delivered up to me, or could not be prevailed to submit to my parental authority, that he would send a guard of soldiers to assist me in bringing her away. Upon learning this she made no further resistance. But so attached was she to the religion and customs of the place, that after all, she left it with the most bitter lamentations, which she continued, as we passed through the streets, and wholly refused to be comforted.

“ But I have run on a little before my story, for I have not yet informed you of the means



and manner of my own redemption, to the accomplishing of which, the recovery of my daughter, just mentioned, and the ransoming of my other surviving children, several gentlemen of note contributed not a little. To their goodness I am greatly indebted, and I hope never to be so ungrateful as to forget my benefactors. Colonel Schuyler, particularly, was so generous as to advance 2,700 livres towards the ransom of myself and three of my children. He accompanied, and protected us from Montreal to Albany, where he entertained us in the most hospitable manner, a considerable time, and I believe at his own expense."

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*Letter from Cornelius Taykaonta, king of the Oneidas, &c. &c. who can do no wrong, to Ay-aontake, queen of the Oneidas.*

MADAM,

I CANT help thinking your majesty particularly fortunate in being queen of the Oneidas

instead of this country. Had you chanced to be the wife of my royal brother of England, you might at this moment have been an exile from home, strolling about the world, without any one to take care of you, and exposed to all the insults and inconveniences which a deserted wife is subject to in civilized countries. Instead of this forlorn destiny, you have the happiness to live at ease, in the enjoyment of all your dignities, in the midst of my faithful subjects, with a magnificent jointure in tobacco and whiskey. Yet for all this, and in spite of the many other proofs of their inferiority, the people of this country, you will laugh to hear it, while they follow me and my suite in crowds, wherever we go, have the impudence to call us barbarians, which signifies bears!

They find fault with all our customs, and rail at our modes of living, particularly because when a man and his wife cant agree, instead of living the life of a cat and dog together, we rather choose to separate. This, they insist upon it, is a proof of barbarity, although here when a poor woman wants to get away from her husband, she is obliged to commit some monstrous crime, to get a divorce. After this they go to law together, and if the husband can establish his own disgrace and his wife's infamy, they are

allowed to part, after paying the lawyers. It is no wonder that their infidelity is so common, seeing they are driven to it in order to escape from bad husbands.

The situation of women among the Indians, is preferable in several other respects. The women of this country, are not allowed to do any work, except necessity obliges them to it. It is considered a great disgrace. In consequence of this, they dont know how to pass their time at home, and are apt to do nothing but spend money, and run into mischief. I have heard the poor creatures complain a hundred times of the trouble their servants gave them, and which I suppose there is no help for, as they are not allowed to wait upon themselves. It is a great pity this is not remedied, for then the women would get rid of the trouble of having servants, who, they affirm, are the greatest plagues in the world, and the men, instead of working like slaves, would have time to hunt the buffaloe, and go to war. Instead of this, the women do nothing, and the men work for them, which is contrary to nature.

You would be surprised, Ayaontake, to see what a rout they make about marrying in this country. They have more trouble to get a wife, than even to get rid of her, and very often fall

into a sort of madness, which they call love, before they can gain their point. I have seen some of the men, who were labouring under this unhappy derangement, commit the most ridiculous excesses, such as biting their nails, knitting their brows, and gnashing their teeth, with surprising fury. Others lose their appetites, neglect their business, suffer their beards to grow, and wander about like spirits, who belong to another world. Others take to drinking brandy, gaming at cards, committing all sorts of extravagances, and, finally, get shut up in jail, where they die in misery. Nay, sometimes when a woman is very rich, two of these madmen will actually fight, because they agree so well in wishing to marry her. Not long since, a man shot his mistress and then himself, out of pure affection. This was thought the greatest proof of his sincerity he could have given, and several of the poets wrote elegies on the occasion. Since I came to this country, I have known old men of sixty and seventy, marry young girls of sixteen, for the purpose of having an heir to their estates, and set them down as in the last stage of this malady, until I afterwards found that the experiment actually succeeded. I cant help think-



ing all this proceeds from the men wearing beards, and the women having nothing to do.

Another preposterous folly of these people, is their calling all their children after the father's family name, rather than that of the mother, as we practise with such good reason. That this is an instance of their inferiority, I have the white man's proof, who always decries every practice that does not accord with his own. What is also singular enough, it is only poor people who have no estates, that have an affection for all their children alike. A rich man, who has a great deal of land, cares nothing about any of his sons but the eldest, to whom he gives it all when he dies, in order that he may support the honour of the family, which, it seems, depends entirely on the value of the estate. The younger sons, they give a good bringing up, embrace them very affectionately, and turn them out of doors to seek their fortunes, as soldiers, sailors, lawyers or priests. They very often turn gamblers and sharpers for a living, or sink into a dependence on some great man; but for all this, the honour of the family remains safe enough, so long as the estate is undivided. I will here observe, that these younger brothers seldom or

ever excite the disease of love in the ladies. Indeed, they seem to lie under various disqualifications, quite beyond my comprehension.

The eldest daughter is in like manner entitled, it seems, to a preference over her other sisters. As I wish to introduce as many of these polite refinements as possible into my kingdom, I hereby decree by my sovereign will, that my eldest son *Pap*\* be forthwith proclaimed prince regent of Wales, the Oneidas, the Senecas, Tuscaroras, Mohegans, Susquehannahs, and other unknown kingdoms and nations, over which my ancestors ruled forty and ten thousand moons ago.† Secondly, I command and decree that he be declared heir apparent of my crowns and dignities, and solemnly invested with my best second hand blanket and moccasins. Thirdly, I ordain and decree that he bear the arms of my kingdom, viz: a beaver sable squat upon a beaver argent in a pond. Fourthly, I solemnly decree that my eldest daughter *Lazybones*,‡ be called princess royal, and exempted hereafter from digging potatoes. Should you neglect to obey these my sovereign commands, I shall not

\* *Mitaminabon*, literally *Pap*.

† King Cornelius is at his old tricks again, claiming subjects just where it suits him, in imitation of his brother kings abroad.

‡ *Kittimi*, literally *Lazybones*.

fail of ordering a delicate investigation into your conduct, after the royal example of my brother of England.

It was formerly the fashion for the women of this country to be very thin, which was the test of a fine figure. But my brother, the king, having expressed a preference for fat women, they all set about feeding, in order to gain the approbation of his sacred majesty. They took to eating roast beef and drinking beer with all their might, by which means they have now got to be so clumsy, that they, one and all, ride about in coaches, I suppose, because they cant walk. Whether it was because her sacred majesty the queen preferred thin men or not, I cant say, but in proportion as the women grew fat, the men grew lean, and resorted to all sorts of tortures to make themselves look sickly and genteel. They employed an immense number of creatures, called tailors, who being as they affirm but the ninth part of men, were selected to unman these people. These invented various machines for squeezing the soul out of the body, by which means, I am credibly informed, many of them are actually destitute of any kind of spirit whatever. Whether this is a fact I cannot say, but this I know, that some of their waists are not so thick as your sacred majesty's ancle. Besides

this, the same tailors have contrived various expedients to hide all sorts of deformities, and so very dexterous are these parts of men become, that they can turn a monkey into a man, or a man into a monkey, at pleasure. It is well for these poor people that they have such dexterous jugglers among them, for such is the mode in which the better sort, as they call themselves, are brought up, that it is a great thing to be able to look like a baboon, and raises them in the scale of being considerably.

Since I came here, I have been visited by several of those mischievous people who go about the world converting the Indians. One of these lectured me with great authority on the subject; but in order to silence him at once, I told him I had already been converted by a baptist minister. This put him in a passion, and I now first learned, to my great mortification, that I had taken all this trouble for nothing. He solemnly assured me the baptists were not the right sort of christians. Upon this, I told him he would oblige me by putting me in the right way. Whereupon he took me to church, where a person read a great deal out of the bible, about a certain chosen people of the Lord, called Jews, after which he went up into the pulpit, and abused these same Jews with all his



might, which I thought rather particular. He took a great deal of pains with me afterwards, but, to tell you the truth, the principal difference between him and the baptist, seemed to be in the quantity of water they used. However, he at last succeeded in converting me from the baptist heresy, as he called it, giving me at parting a volume, which he assured me was the book of life.

But though bound to forgiveness by my religion, I cant help feeling angry at these deceitful missionaries who come among us, under pretence of teaching the true faith, when in truth they were, as it appears, only leading us astray. I would have you, in case any more of these impostors come among my faithful subjects, to send them about their business, as I am assured by a bishop of twenty thousand sterling a year, they are enemies to the established church and the king my brother. Now I must inform you, that they hang or shoot all the king's enemies here without ceremony, which is but just, as he can do no wrong. I shall certainly do the like to the traitor Pipississonimo, who last spring refused to share his bottle with me.

I ought to tell you, the people here seem perfectly sensible of the respect due to my rank. They crowd about me with huzzaings whenever

I appear in the streets, and always make me pay double price for what I buy, which I am told is the highest honour they can confer on a stranger. This proves they have a just sense of what is due to the master of so many states and potentates, who can muster an army of ninety warriors, with a big drum, and who is descended from the big caterpillar, that devoured the big leaf upon which the big beaver of the Potawatamies lay asleep on the shores of the big lake. The women in particular pay me great attention, and one of them lately made me a present of a ring. Upon this I made a speech, and compared her to the great fall of Niagara.

What still further shows the inferiority of this people, is the contradictions I observe between their words and their actions, and the cowardice they display in not daring to tell one another their real opinions before their faces. They will assure you that silence and gravity are proofs of wisdom, and that none but fools talk a great deal; although men make the greatest fortunes, and rise to the highest stations, merely by making long speeches. Then they will go to a play on purpose to laugh without stopping, for a whole evening. They affirm, as a proof of our savage state, that we dont cover ourselves all over with clothes, while at the same time it

is reckoned the greatest proof of good breeding a lady can give, to come into public of an evening half clothed. They abuse us because we put those to death who have tried to take away our lives, while they hang up a poor woman or a boy of twelve years old for stealing some trifle, as if it was not a much greater offence to rob us of life than of property. They pretend to despise us because we love whiskey, although nothing is more certain than that they first taught us to drink it. They affirm that kings can do no wrong, yet they cut off the head of one, I am told, and are continually abusing my brother of England, as if he never did any thing right.

But the most preposterous thing of all, is their pretending to find fault with us for speaking what we think, and not making believe to love those we hate. This they call politeness, esteeming it a great proof of good breeding to pretend to have a liking to one that they mean to do all the harm they can. Were you to see them, you would think they loved every body they saw. They bow, and squeeze hands, and compliment each other, and when their backs are turned, dont scruple to say and do the most ill-natured things. When I find fault with this hypocrisy, they assure me none but a savage would tell an-

other to his face that he was a rogue, and he hated him. In short, they affirm that speech was given us to express our wants and feelings, yet appear to use it almost entirely to disguise both. Thus they go on, without ever knowing who their enemies are, until they are ruined in character or fortune, by some person they considered their best friend. Nothing is so vulgar as truth among them, and no crime disgraces them half so much, it seems, as a want of good breeding.

I send you a valuable string of glass beads, for yourself; a dozen copper rings for the princess royal, and a curious rattle for his royal highness the prince regent.

I, the king,  
CORNELIUS.

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## TRAVELLERS.

CONSIDERING the avidity with which the present age devours those popular romances, that come abroad from time to time under the disguise of Travels in America, it would doubtless



add much to the number, as well as delight of our readers, were we to deal occasionally in these seductive marvels.

Indeed we have several times been on the eve of employing some one of the numerous literary clothiers, or travelling haberdashers of Birmingham and Manchester, that swarm in our country, and were once nearly on the point of coming to an understanding with Mr. Bradshaw Fearon on the subject. All the preliminaries were settled, but the negociation was finally broken off, by our stipulating that he should tell the truth, whenever he could get at it. The man of letters demurred to this, affirming that he had written several books of travels for the London booksellers, not one of whom thought proper to put his genius under such unreasonable restraint.

Application was then made to Jeremy Cockloft, who, it may be recollected, furnished us in the early part of our labours, with some excellent specimens of modern travels. But the young fellow has become altogether scientific, of late years, and holds no commerce with the muses, whom he considers altogether beneath the attention of any body, but young students, and romantic belles.

In the midst of these perplexing disappointments, chance furnished us with the means of gratifying our numerous readers. Having occasion, the fourth day of July last, to cross over to Staten Island in the steam boat, I was not a little surprised at seeing the very last person I ever expected to encounter in such a place. This was a worthy old citizen, who, for the last forty years, had never been out of the street where he was born, except once when he took occasion to pay a visit to the Battery, having heard it was a very pleasant place.

He was dressed in a snuff coloured surtout of the last age, buttoned close up in the neck, and fortified with a couple of bandanna handkerchiefs. His old fashioned three cornered cocked hat, was fastened to the button hole of his waistcoat by a piece of black ferreting. Under his arm he carried a hair trunk, resplendent with brass nails, girded about with a leather strap. This he never suffered to go out of his possession a single moment, and I observed that he was once excessively alarmed, at an attempt made by two Irish porters, to remove a large oaken chest, which, as it afterwards appeared, was also his property. From the foregoing indications, I had little doubt but that the old citizen was on an extensive tour, and had at last

wrought himself to a resolution of seeing a little of that world in which he had breathed so long.

As the boat lunched forth into the troubled tide, between the battery and Governors Island, he drew his hat still more over his forehead, as if to hide his regrets, and seating himself at the stern, appeared to watch the receding spires of his native city, as if there was but a remote probability of ever seeing them more. The castle on Governors Island, and the fortifications immediately opposite, seemed to fill him with a vague and indefinite wonder, and when, as it happened just as we came between them, they fired the national salute, in honour of the day, he ran down into the cabin, with symptoms of great alarm. Indeed all that he saw appeared to create surprise, and every vessel that passed us, called forth evident marks of wonder, apprehension, or astonishment.

My curiosity, as to what was passing in the mind of the old man, became not a little turbulent, and I would have given a great deal to know what process of reasoning was going on there. Luckily on crossing over from the Island about six weeks afterwards, on my return from Philadelphia, the steward of the steam boat, a very civil and worthy person, handed me a

little memorandum book, which he said he believed was left on board, by the old man of whom I have been speaking. As I seemed to know something of him, he begged I would take the trouble of returning it to the owner.

On looking over it, I found it contained, a narrative of a tour to Staten Island and the quarantine ground, as performed by the old man, during three days that he sojourned in that charming region. As I look upon it as originally compiled for publication, I have thought proper to insert it in our work, hereby notifying the worthy author, that if he will call upon the publisher, he will receive the entire profits of this number.

TOUR TO STATEN ISLAND AND THE QUARANTINE  
GROUND.

CHAPTER I.

THE summer of 1820, offering little temptation to the man of business to confine himself to the smoke of the city, I determined to travel into Staten Island, and others of the remote parts of the earth, to gratify that ardent curiosity I had so long cherished concerning un-



known countries and nations. Accordingly having made my will, and settled all my worldly affairs, I packed up the following articles, which I enumerate, as the knowledge thereof may be of use to future travellers in these distant places.

My best corduroy breeches, with the silver buckles, I inherited from my great uncle.

Three pair of boots, one of them water proof, and another with cork soles.

One thread case, with different sorts of needles and thread—a useful article.

A pair of Jackson's moccasins, in case of being overtaken by inclemencies of weather, in these extreme parts of the earth.

A tinder box for striking a light, in case of losing myself in the great forests of the island.

A prayer book, to assist in converting the heathen in these far countries.

A pair of pocket pistols, left at my house in the revolutionary war by a British officer, who lodged with me, and which for the better security of my person, I did divest of the flints.

A medicine chest, carefully put up by my good friend doctor Widenostrils, with the names done into English, by a great scholar, together with especial directions for using them, seeing I was, peradventure, about to sojourn in

barbarous and outlandish places, where are neither patent medicines nor physicians.

These are the principal articles I would recommend to those who follow my steps in these my perilous adventures. I did bethink me at first of accommodating myself with a map of the world for my guide over the face of the earth, but was diverted from my purpose by recollecting I had read in books that this planet was undergoing great changes from time to time, and that peradventure before I could arrive in these far countries, the earth would be so altered, that my map would only suffice to mislead my wandering and weary footsteps.

And now the day dawned that was to behold me cast myself loose, as it were, upon the troubled ocean of life, after having been safely anchored forty years in my own little snug harbour. It was a lovely morn, and nature seemed to smile on all but me, and my afflicted family, now on the point of parting for the first time, and that perchance for the last. There was not a breath of air to stir the leaves of the trees or the waves of the waters that slept basking in the summer sun; the vessels lay motionless on their crystal bed, and shoals of immense fishes, such as I had never seen before, gambolled past the point of the battery, while others, which I

took to be whales, ever and anon jumped far out of the deep, as if to view the fair creation around. Such pondered I, as I stood as it were on the extreme verge of the known world—such are the allurements that tempt us from our peaceful firesides; from the society of those in whose bosoms we have long nestled, to encounter the dangers of the pathless deep, the inclemencies of inhospitable climes, the perils of the waste and howling wilderness, and all the evils that await the desolate traveller on his weary pilgrimage!

While indulging in these mixed, yet sublime emotions, I very narrowly escaped being robbed of my large chest, by a couple of cunning rogues, who laid fast hold of it, under pretence of carrying it on board the boat. But I soon made them desist, by presenting one of my pistols, upon sight of which, they sneaked off, amidst the laugh of the spectators, who appeared surprised at this proof of valour on my part. This victory over the highwaymen gave me great confidence in my pistols, although I could not help pondering withal, on the dangers that thus early beset me, at the very moment of my setting a foot among strangers. I had read of divers such narrow escapes in books of travels, and considered them as little better than stories,

but verily I now found to my cost they were most assuredly true.

While standing on the sea shore, waiting for the boat that was to bear me away, I cast my eyes over the great arm of the ocean towards the east, and was charmed with the soft and beautiful aspect of the foreign land which lay stretched upon the farther side. Its undulating full bosomed hills appeared tufted with woody copses, and with my spy glass, I could see the vallies between, speckled with sheep and cattle, grazing about the farm houses. From the number of wind mills I could distinguish all along the coast, I concluded in my own mind, that this was a part of the famous country of Holland, which, as I had read in books, abounds in mills of this sort. I was hereupon inspired with enthusiasm; I ran over the labours of that mighty people in draining marshes, and erecting dykes—I called to mind the famous de Groodt who gave laws not to a single city, but to the civilized world, and remembered the virtuous patriotism of the renowned Dewitt, meaning not the governor who beareth that goodly christian name. My heart dilated with pride at the recollection of the great Van Tromp, the Decatur of his time, and I bethought myself, surely it is worth encountering the dan-



ger of being robbed, perhaps murdered, to taste such exalted ecstasies as I now banquet upon!

Scarcely had these reflections passed over my soul when I was reminded of the change of climate I had already undergone, by the sight of a number of people, some of them black, and others of a foreign aspect and dialect, flocking around me with oranges, lemons, and other tropical fruits which they offered for sale. "Behold," I mentally exclaimed, "already have I arrived at the region of bananas, oranges and black complexions." I looked around in search of the fragrant groves described by travellers, where the white blossoms, and golden fruits flourish in social fellowship on the same bough, and for the stately forests of palms that abound in those sweet scented regions. But though I beheld the orange and lemon trees growing in the windows of the stately houses, no groves were within view, and just then my attention was attracted by the tolling of a distant bell. That must belong, thought I, to some convent embosomed in yonder woods, stretching along the eastern shores towards my left, which I now for the first time observed were of a new species, being little else than bare poles without leaves. I marvelled at this peculiarity, until I called to mind that in my own far distant native land the

caitiff caterpillars had entirely denuded the trees. Doubtless, thought I, this hath been the case here likewise. The bell seemed to have tolled the signal for matins, for presently I heard the convent music ascending from the centre of the leafless grove, in regular and majestic cadence, each stanza ending with the chorus of "Yo heave O!" which I took to be equivalent to alleluiah in this unknown tongue.

It was fully my intention when I set forth on these my perilous sojournings, to put down such reflections, as were from time to time, awakened in my mind by the presence of new and extraordinary objects. But novelties now crowded upon me with such inconvenient rapidity, that I must be excused by the reader, if I should be occasionally hurried away, and become totally incapable of philosophising at all, except on very particular occasions.

All now was bustle, and we were called to embark by sound of trumpet, as if its martial and warlike strains were twanged for the purpose of inspiring my sinking heart with courage to persevere in this my adventurous peregrination. Presently we launched forth, as with the magic of a self moving power, into the rough tremendous tide. I could not help in my heart despising the thoughtless indifference of my

fellow passengers, who sat in listless idleness smoking their segars, or were gathered in groups chatting and laughing with most unfeeling hilarity. "Have they no sense of home, no domestic affections, no love of kindred, or of country," thought I, "that they thus leave their native land, without a sigh or a tear?" And hereupon I felt the tears trickle down my furrowed cheeks, as I sat at the stem, and my eyes grew dim, as I cast a wishful look at the receding steeple of the old Dutch church, which stands close to mine ancient dwelling. I thought, or at least I was just on the point of thinking of something exquisitely affecting, for the gratification of my future readers, when all at once I beheld the vessel on fire! The black smoke curled in threatening volumes from the chimney, an explosion of sparks of fiery redness were scattered through ether, dimming the very skies, and showers of cinder fell on the decks on every side. The sound of crackling and hissing flames was heard between decks, and I beheld a man in a red flannel waistcoat, bolt out from one of the apertures of the roof near the chimney, looking as if he had just escaped from the burning regions of Tartarus: "Fire!"—cried I, and was just going to leap over board, when one of the sailors laid hold of my coat, and called me an ass.

The man of salt water, then explained to me that a great and mighty genius, called FULTON, had invented boats to go by fire, and that the noise, the smoke, and the cinders, proceeded from a sort of subterranean furnace between decks, by means of which the water in a prodigious copper boiler, was heated till it evaporated into steam, by which the vessel was put into motion. My hair stood on end at this account, and I could not forbear trembling with exceeding fears, at the thought of standing thus as it were, on the very brink of the infernal pit of fire.

But my apprehensions were soon quieted on this head, by new and more pressing dangers. Presently the sound of a drum, that seemed just at hand, assailed my ear. I immediately cocked my pistol, resolved to defend myself to the last extremity, should any enemy be at hand. On looking round me, I then for the first time perceived, we had unwarily got directly between two immense fortifications, seemingly appertaining to the defence of some harbour in a foreign country. On our left was a stately castle, mounting at least three thousand guns, and to the right lay a tremendous battery, the muzzles of whose pieces seemed gaping under our very noses.



Just as we got fairly between the two, they commenced a tremendous fire upon us, and as they opened their roaring maws, I could not repress my feelings of indignation that our captain should have wantonly led us into the very jaws of the enemy. As I was only a passenger, and as I did not opine that my pistols could be of much service, I went below, after the first fire of the forts, and resigned myself quietly to my fate, which I thought inevitable. At every discharge, and I counted twenty-one, I expected the vessel would go to the bottom; but by a rare good fortune, they fired so ill, that not a single shot struck us, though I am certain I heard them fall all around, and by the favour of Providence, we passed miraculously out of their reach, without sustaining the least injury.

After the firing had ceased, I made my appearance with a pistol in each hand, and thought it no disparagement to insinuate that I had peppered two or three of the enemy out of the lower ports. I observed every body merry and laughing on the occasion, and truly their merriment was quite natural, seeing the danger they had just escapèd. I took the first opportunity to enter into an expostulation with the captain for subjecting us to this wanton exposure; but he only smiled, and made so light of the matter, that I

could not help looking upon him as an exceeding valiant person.

Having escaped this imminent peril, we sailed on without any farther accident, until we approached the termination of our voyage. Every appearance began to indicate our near approach to land. Gulls were seen sailing over our heads, pieces of wood floated about us, sea weed was observed waving in the waters, and several little fleets of canoes were lying at a distance in a bay, as if waiting our approach. These, I have good reason to suspect, were savage Indians, whose intentions were to attack us on our coming up with them. I verily believe I should have been tempted to jump overboard, had I not comforted myself with the idea that I might escape being scalped, by reason of my wig. Fortunately we appeared, as I suppose, too strong for them, and they suffered us to pass without molestation.

Now I beheld, by the help of my spy glass, a distant prospect of the lofty inaccessible mountains of Staten Island, which it was my firm intention to explore to the highest pinnacle, if heaven spared me life and strength for the undertaking. Their wavy and cerulean outlines, mingled almost imperceptibly with the

horizon, far off, and indistinctly glimmered in the noontide beam.

But while I was felicitating myself upon the approaching termination of this dangerous voyage, I beheld at a distance, what I supposed a volcano, whose black spiral column of smoke, ascended far above the surrounding hills. I had always a great inclination to see a burning mountain, and accordingly noted the direction, in order to be able to find it again. Presently I observed the smoke, as it were, approaching us apparently, with great rapidity along the coast of an inlet running westward, and in a little time a vast fireship hove in sight, coming directly towards us. But our captain, who was, without question, a very brave commander, resolutely kept on his way, although I suggested to him my decided opinion, that this was one of the numerous pirates, that under the flag of patriotism, rob and murder upon the high seas, without regard to age or sex. What strengthened me in this idea, was seeing the enemy's decks full of people, and from the glare visible through some of our open ports, she seemed to have on board a furnace for heating red hot shot.

This being the case, I naturally concluded it was high time to take care of myself, or rather my money; without which a man is not himself,

in a foreign land. Accordingly I went below, and secured my valuables, by tying them in a leathern pouch about my loins next my skin, as I had been advised by divers books of travels. I also carefully concealed my pistols, lest the pirates might peradventure take umbrage at my appearing in armour, and cut off my head. While thus employed, the enemy approached close along side, and I could then plainly distinguish the hissing and roaring of red hot balls, which caused me to tremble, although I am naturally valiant, except in seasons of danger. Almost immediately I could feel the two hostile vessels coming together with a great shock, and a great bustle upon our deck. They have boarded us, thought I, and all my wanderings are soon to end for ever more. "Ah! Andrew Budge, Andrew Budge—would thou hadst budged not!" I exclaimed pitifully as it were.

I listened with inexpressible solicitude—I endeavoured to explain all that I heard passing over my head, and to draw a hope from the most trifling circumstance. Presently there was a great noise of the moving of baggage, and tumbling of trunks one upon another—"My great chest, my precious stores, are departing forever," cried I, "and this dear little trunk, which I now press to my bosom, will soon fol-



low. O, that I had staid at home and talked politics with my neighbour Money penny, the great traveller, who hath twice visited the alms house at Kip's Bay, to dine with the corporation, and once penetrated into the country west of Weehawk, as far as the sign of the Three Pigeons."

In a few minutes, it seemed that the affair was decided, and we got under weigh again; but whether we had beat off the pirate, or were under the orders of a prize master, I could not tell. So I concluded to wait further elucidation, as it was never my way to put myself in the way of a rebuff, by asking improper questions. In about a quarter of an hour, as near as I can guess, we struck against something hard, which I concluded was a shoal, and began to apprehend some new disaster, when venturing to peep out at a port hole, I perceived we were at the wharf, close under a high mountain, and could hear the people speaking a strange foreign language, of which I understood not a word. Finding, however, no obstacle to prevent me, I walked up on the deck, and seeing nothing of the pirates, ventured to request one of the natives, who had come on board, to help me on shore with my chest. But he answered me in an unknown tongue—which put me into a great

passion at his stupidity, in not comprehending or speaking English. How I got over this difficulty, will be the subject of my next chapter.